

No Trespassing



Beecher



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NO TRESPASSING

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

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Author of "Jacqueminot, the Romance of a Rose."

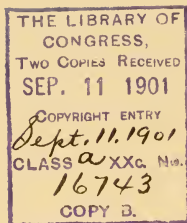


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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| "No Trespassing"..... | 1 |
| The Ivy..... | 3 |
| The Incubated Chicken..... | 5 |
| A Christmas Greeting..... | 7 |
| Willie Winkle Wum's Christmas..... | 9 |
| A New Year Letter..... | 11 |
| Sunset Gold..... | 14 |
| My Love and I..... | 16 |
| Tender and True..... | 17 |
| Thistle-Down | 18 |
| "Bide a Wee, and Dinna Weary"..... | 20 |
| If the Coat Fits, Wear It..... | 22 |
| Decoration Day | 24 |
| Decoration Day..... | 26 |
| Memorial Day..... | 27 |
| My Baby..... | 29 |
| You and I..... | 31 |
| I Am with Thee in Spirit..... | 33 |
| A Picture..... | 35 |
| Little Old Shoes..... | 37 |
| 'Autumn | 39 |
| Waiting | 41 |
| Was It a Dream?..... | 43 |
| Call Thou Me Home..... | 46 |
| Tiger Love..... | 48 |
| The Tryst..... | 50 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 'Vira | 52 |
| Peccavi | 54 |
| At Eventide..... | 55 |
| My Love..... | 56 |
| Respectfully Dedicated to Merriam Post, G. A. R., Meriden, Conn..... | 58 |
| Remembrance | 60 |
| As Thy Day..... | 62 |
| Over the Way..... | 63 |
| Farewell | 65 |
| Too Late..... | 67 |
| Love Is the King..... | 69 |
| The Flower of an Hour..... | 71 |
| My Ship..... | 72 |
| The Nation's Trinity..... | 74 |
| Rain | 76 |
| The Easter Lily..... | 77 |
| Come | 78 |
| Let This Bear Witness to My Love..... | 80 |
| Silence is Golden..... | 81 |
| Compensation | 82 |
| The Missing Number..... | 83 |
| Good-Bye, Sweetheart..... | 86 |
| My Dream..... | 88 |
| In Memoriam..... | 90 |
| Heavenly Gifts..... | 92 |
| A Memory..... | 94 |
| "Come Unto Me"..... | 95 |
| A Dream..... | 96 |
| Fronti Nulla Fides..... | 98 |
| Give Him Another Chance..... | 99 |
| Ave Atque Vale!..... | 100 |
| Love <i>Versus</i> Gold..... | 101 |

Contents.

v

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Fairy Land..... | 102 |
| Love's Telegraphy..... | 104 |
| Devotion | 105 |
| The Twilight Hour..... | 106 |
| To One of the Least..... | 108 |
| And Thou Shalt Live Again..... | 110 |
| In Shadowland..... | 112 |
| The Face at the Window..... | 114 |
| One Ray of Light..... | 116 |
| If Word of Mine..... | 118 |
| In Memory of Little Ella May Root, Meriden, Conn. | 120 |
| Heart's Ease..... | 122 |
| Thy Cross..... | 124 |
| Wild Roses..... | 126 |
| My Song Bird..... | 128 |
| My Little Lad..... | 130 |
| The Old and the New..... | 132 |
| Constancy | 134 |
| Drifting | 136 |
| Come to Me..... | 138 |
| Some Day..... | 139 |
| Edna | 141 |
| Jacqueminot | 143 |
| Lovingly Inscribed to Baby Florence Stevens, Meri- den, Conn..... | 144 |
| No Cross, No Crown..... | 145 |
| Heliotrope | 146 |
| Finis | 147 |

“No Trespassing.”

It was long ago, and a crimson glow
Was on the meadow clover;
When we tried to pass, we found alas,
It was under the bars—or over.

We stood awhile, and a sunny smile
Illumined the face of my lover;
For the meadow sweet was at our feet,
Just under the bars—or over.

'Twas such a treat from the dusty street,
Who would not be a rover?
Where the daisies greet and buttercups meet,
Just under the bars—or over.

One kiss like wine 'neath an ivy vine
Where the clinging tendrils cover;
“Ah, no, not yet—you must tell me, pet,
Is it under the bars—or over?”

“No Trespassing.”

“It’s nayther, sir, for yersilf nor her!
Do yez moind the sign that’s staren?
‘No Trespassing’? The boss he’s in—
It’s in jail ye’ll both be faren.

“Begorra, now—don’t look so sad.
’Tis not mesilf would be that bad
A-kaping yez out of Eden—
Oi’ll jist turn me back—and then, alack,
’Tis over the bars ye’re speedin’.

“But ali the same, I’m tellen ye this:
It’s maybe ye’ll soon discover
A sarpint’s hiss, with the lover’s kiss,
Under the bars—or over.”

The Ivy.

I wish I were an ivy,
And you a tall pine tree;
Close to thy heart I'd dwell,
And be sheltered tenderly.

Alone with birds and flowers,
The green grass at our feet,
The sky all blue above us,
And waving grasses sweet.

Around thy stately branches
Would I interlace my vine,
And meshes weave about you
Till you were wholly mine.

I'd ask no other strength,
Resting lovingly on thine;
Ivy leaves and pine tree buds,
Stout heart and clinging vine.

The Ivy.

'All through winter's chilling blast
You alone would changeless be ;
Nestling closely to thy heart,
No harm should come to me.

The Incubated Chicken.

One day last spring I wandered out,
With rod and fishing tackle,
When, goodness! What's the row about?
A regular barn-yard cackle.

Old rooster stood upon the fence,
Shouting with all his might
The news broadcast, and neighboring fowls
Were asked to view the sight.

'Twas only this—right in their midst,
Where old gray hens were pickin',
'A tiny, lonesome little thing,
'An incubated chicken.

He stood alone, a tiny fluff,
And viewed the rest apart.
I wondered if one old gray hen
Would show a mother's heart.

6 The Incubated Chicken.

Ah, no! They whispered 'mongst themselves,
It was a burning shame
To send him there 'mongst decent folks—
A chick without a name.

He had no parents (so they said),
And old gray hens looked on askance.
What is he, pray? Why this, they say,
He's just a chick by chance.

All the same he struggled on,
With time he grew apace;
And ere the summer time was done
He led them all a race.

Old rooster creeps about the yard
No more in elevated sight;
The incubated chick, aloft,
Just crows with all his might.

He rules the roost,
In spite of sneers they put upon his name,
'And old gray hens look up and fawn,
And *this* is fame!

To-morrow brings the old one's fate;
I know he's tired of living,
We'll let him rest upon a plate,
And join in glad Thanksgiving.

A Christmas Greeting.

I send to you, *mon ami*,
On this glad Christmas day,
A tiny wreath of holly
Entwined with flowers of May.

The flowers are those we gathered
In the springtime long ago ;
Where the dead leaves rustled softly,
Covered o'er by winter's snow.

And you said—"It is too early
For hepatica to bloom,
When the woods are bare and cheerless
And as silent as a tomb."

Then a robin whistled shrilly,
And a bluebird joined the song:
'Tis the springtime, 'tis the springtime,
And the days are growing long.

A Christmas Greeting.

Well I knew that on the hilltop,
Where the sunshine falls each day,
I should find them in their beauty,
Blue and white, the flowers of May.

You'll remember how we pressed them
In a book that lovely morn;
'And they still retain the sweetness
Of a springtime that is gone.

So I send them, with the holly,
Bright with Merry Christmas cheer;
Woven in the May-time blossoms,
Wishes for a glad New Year.

Willie Winkle Wum's Christmas.

Willie Winkle Wum was bad.
Ever hear of such a lad?
Teased his sister, worried the cat,
Tore his clothes, and lost his hat.

Willie Winkle Wum was bad.
Folks said he almost drove them mad.
Wish't he'd be good, if only a day.
"I'm no cad," was all he'd say;
"Dassent fight me anyway."

Willie Winkle Wum was bad.
Neighbors said: "He's booked for jail."
His mother cried, his father sighed
"That boy will surely land at Yale."

Willie Winkle Wum was bad.
He didn't learn, he wouldn't strive,
He buried his sister's doll alive,
Along with his books, deep in the ground;
'Twas nearly a week before they were found.

10 Willie Winkle Wum's Christmas.

"Never you mind," said brother Tim;
"Santa Claus can just fix him.
When Christmas comes you'll hear him beller,
With never a gift from the jolly feller."

Willie Winkle Wum was bad.
But Christmas morning found him glad.
Never such sights since I was born;
Hurrah, hurrah, for Christmas morn.

"Ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
Old Santa likes bad boys, I see,"
Then all the children gathered round
And wondered much at what they found.

Rap, rap, rap, and ting-a-ling-ling;
That must be the postman's ring.
"For Willie Winkle Wum," he read,
"Bold bad boy;" that's what he said.

All the children held their breath;
The house was just as still as death.
He tore the letter and said, "I swear,
If there isn't one hundred dollars in there."

Folded within a letter sheet, these words
Were written very neat:

Willie Winkle Wum's Christmas. 11

"From the little girl you risked your life to save,
When you rescued her from a watery grave.
Merry Christmas, Willie Winkle Wum,
And many more in the days to come!"

"Why didn't you tell?" cried the rest of the crowd.
"Great Scott! Don't yell so loud;
We's none of us deaf," said Winkle Wum.
"Such a fuss to make—well, I vum—
Over a little thing like that.
Why, kids, I'd a-done it to save a cat."

A New Year Letter.

"A glad New Year!" the written words
Came by the post to-day.
"A glad New Year!" and a fallen tear
Has blotted the rest away.

'A glad New Year, a fair smooth page
That knoweth naught of grief or pain.
I would rather keep the old one here
With all its loss and gain.

The dear old year that dawned so clear,
And sweet as flowers of May!
Thy precious sunbeams pierced the gloom
In one unbroken ray,
And filled my life with perfect peace,
That blessed New Year's day.

"A glad New Year!" *Mon ami*,
You say "the aged one must rest."
Though all the world may praise the new
I love the old year best.

"A glad New Year!" I wish it too.
May life's choicest gifts be thine.
A glad New Year belongs to you—
But the dear old year was mine.

Sunset Gold.

I am looking away to the west,
Watching the colors unfold;
And I seem to feel the mantle of rest
That falls from the sunset gold.

O wonderful, beautiful cloudlet,
With your changing shadow and shine;
Fade slowly away on the hillside,
Leaving a golden line.

O life of ceaseless endeavor,
O restless longing for light;
Only a break in the darkness,
And then—the shadow of night.

Ah, love, is it right, I wonder,
As I sit in the shadow alone,
That I, who love you so truly,
Can never be claimed as thine own?

You stand away in the distance ;
And I, from this corner of mine,
Reach out, with heart's saddest longing,
To clasp hands again—with thine.

O weary, ceaseless endeavor,
And love that shall never grow old,
The peace and rest shall come at last,
Beyond the sunset gold !

My Love and I.

Hand in hand together,
In golden autumn weather,
We watched the eastern sky;
And all the world grew strangely still,
As slowly in the distance
The moon rose o'er the hill,
The shadows passed us by.
The moon rose slowly, as of old;
This night it seemed of purest gold.
We often watched—he and I—
And whispered words so lowly spoken
That only hearts could hear.
For love's own token
Needs not the herald's cry.
All nestled close, I listened
To the sweetest story
That e'er was told on land or sea.
Ah me! That autumn glory!
The cricket's chirp—the song of chickadee
We never mourned the summer weather.
Hand in hand, my love and I,
In autumn's gold we stood together
And watched the eastern sky.

Tender and True.

All winter, through the dreary days,
I thought of you, and said,
When flowers adorn the woodland ways,
And skies are blue, he too will come,
Tender and true.

'And in my heart I felt a gentle glow,
Knowing 'twas but a season soon to go,
'And that the flower of promise
Lived 'neath winter's snow,
Tender and true.

'Tis April now. I look through falling tears
On budding leaf and flower;
The days seem long as years.
I count each hour, and wait for you,
Tender and true.

Thistle-Down.

There's an undertone of sadness
In the quiet summer air;
'All the fading sweetness blending
With the colors rich and fair.

Autumn's hand is slowly tracing,
On the hilltop, in the dell;
In the rustling of the woodland
We can hear the parting knell.

Where the thistles tall are growing,
Purple-capped for many a day,
Downy seeds are softly blowing,
Wafted on the air away.

Thistle-down, I softly kiss thee,
Silver-tipped now by the sun.
You will bear this message from me
To my darling one.

Thistle-Down.

19

Tell him how I long to see him ;
That my heart is always true.
In the twilight soft and tender,
Whisper all I've said to you.

How I pray for him each blessing
All his life to crown.
May all sorrow end in sunshine ;
Light his cares—as thistle-down.

“Bide a Wee, and Dinna Weary.”

Out in the treetop the bluebirds are singing,
And robin's shrill whistle rings over the lea.
The cold wind is blowing, the snowflakes are fly-
ing,
And springtime, sweet springtime, is waiting a
wee.

Waiting a wee; but surely 'tis coming,
I have the promise in exquisite grace;
A tiny arbutus nestles beside me.
I read the good news in the sweet blushing face.

Where did I find it? Come now, that's telling.
Robin first whispered the message to me,
How under the snow the green leaves are trailing,
And tiny pink buds are waiting a wee.

'All things are waiting, and sweetness is hiding
Under the shadows and mantles of gray.
Bud-time and blossom herald glad tidings:
Springtime is coming, she bringeth the May.

“Bide a Wee, and Dinna Weary.” 21

Waiting in patience never to weary,
Trusting God's promise, like blossom and tree,
Biding his time for springtime and harvest,
Dinna thou weary—just wait a wee.

If the Coat Fits, Wear It.

I have something to tell you, *mon ami*;
It amuses me greatly to say
That I'm watched (who pays them, I wonder?),
By my neighbors over the way.

And they ask first of one, then another,
"What manner of woman is she
Who lives over there on the corner
And swings in her hammock so free?

"Does any one know her ancestry?
And who was that calling to-day?
He stayed quite awhile—did you notice?"
Said my neighbor over the way.

Oh, dear! 'tis hard to be patient;
Though I keep right along my own way,
I feel it were sin to be silent
When I hear all the nonsense they say.

If the Coat Fits, Wear it. 23

They have listened to foolish tattle—
At this season the snakes are all loose.
Would people of sense ever listen
To such a tirade of abuse?

Ah, me! could their eyes be turned inward,
How many bad faults they would see,
And, no longer blind to their own,
They wouldn't have eyes to watch me.

Decoration Day.

Hark! 'tis the martial music,
And the tread of many feet,
'As the solemn strains float upward,
Away from the busy street.

They come, our honored soldiers,
We know the measured tread,
'As slowly they march onward
To the city of the dead.

Hush! To that silent city
They are bearing blossoms fair,
To crown with flowery chaplets
The comrades resting there.

Sweet rest, and peace unbroken,
Where the birds' songs fill the air,
'And the flowers, words unspoken,
Are still a voiceless prayer.

Ah, brave were the lives of our soldiers
In the cause for right and truth!
Oh, the lives that were laid on that altar,
In the first glad days of their youth!

Some escaped the mark of battle,
From the sabre and the shot,
Just as worthy are of honor,
For they shared the soldier's lot.

Then unfurl our national colors!
Honor to our veterans true!
May God's blessing rest upon them,
Our brave boys who wore the blue!

Decoration Day.

'And now the glad warm days are bringing '
' Thoughts of new and purer life ;
' The resurrection of the buds and blossoms
From out the winter's death and strife.

On this bright day of springtime promise,
May zephyrs softly blowing sweet perfume
From out the garden—aye, from off the hillside,
Gather all the buds and all the bloom.

'And laden with the choicest blossoms,
Forget-me-nots from out the violets' dewy bed,
Our heads are bowed in just as lowly sorrow :
All honor to our heroes dead !

For sweet are the buds and blossoms,
And sweeter the story they tell,
When they cover the low sod over
The dear ones who fought, and who fell.

Memorial Day.

Awake, ye buds and blossoms,
Thy mission is divine.
Softly the May zephyrs whisper
A message over the line.

Unfold thy petals, roses,
And blossom red and white;
Fair skies of blue awaiting you,
Lift up thy faces bright.

Swing gently, noiseless lily bell,
Down to the lowly ground.
We bow with you, and silently
Kneel over the grass-grown mound.

Over the graves of our soldiers,
Brave men who wore the true blue,
We strew the bright buds and blossoms
With loyal hands tender and true.

With smiles we greet the living,
For memory holds them dear.
Our veterans brave, throughout the land,
We honor and revere.

When Time shall beat the last roll call,
And these loyal men all pass away,
Then other hands shall do for them
On this "Grand Army Day."

And the dear old flag still waving
Through day and the silent night,
Though the lowly mound 'neath the daisied grass
May slowly pass from sight.

My Baby.

One summer night I listened,
With baby on my arm,
To a faint and distant whisper
That filled me with alarm.
It came so still and quiet,
That angel-whisper low,
And it said, "Christ wants your baby;
Dear heart, canst let it go?"

I gazed upon the little form,
The dear, sweet eyes so bright,
That looked and smiled into my own
All filled with rosy light.
"No, baby cannot go from home."
And sad the angel lingered there:
"The Saviour wants your baby—
Can't you trust His loving care?"

I bowed my head in sorrow,
For God e'er takes His own;
Death's angel took my baby,
And left me here alone.

My Baby.

So sweet he seemed, in perfect peace,
With flowers I decked his bed.
His face lit with seraphic smile:
I could not make him dead.

And yet I know that he is gone;
No more his smile shall sweeten earth,
No more his hands be raised to mine,
His voice to melody give birth.
Not my will, O Lord, but thine!
Stricken my heart—how can I pray?
Oh, grief so strong—he was so dear,
How can I let him stay away?

And yet I know 'twas for the best
And that all peaceful is the sleep
Of baby on the Saviour's breast;
Oh, dried be eyes that erst did weep;
'A beacon star my babe shall be
As seen of Bethlehem old
Leading me on through flowery fields
And streets all paved with gold.

You and I.

Over the border and far away
From the irksome world and its work-a-day,
We two and we two together.

Away from restraint, and away from strife,
Unraveling the tangled threads of life,
We two and we two together.

What does it matter if by and by
The rain shall fall from a leaden sky?
We two and we two together.

Safely sheltered on thy fond breast,
Together, my love, we taketh rest,
We two and we two together.

And yet, from my heart there cometh a cry,
How will it end with us—you and I?
We two and we two together.

You answer me not—but seal with a kiss.
“Lips were not made to question like this;”
We two and we two together.

Over the border—but not too late,
For a star shines down on the open gate,
We two and we two together.

“Narrow the way,” each goeth alone;
God knoweth, our sins are hard to atone;
We two apart from each other.

The tangled threads knotted we leave in His
hands;
He only can straighten the weak, broken strands.
And out of His mercy, aye, who shall say?

There cometh a dawn of heavenly day
Woven of sunbeams and bright June weather,
Life threads for two—and we two together.

I am With Thee in Spirit.

Far away from thee, my darling,
Asking fate if this must be,
When my longing heart is grieving
Then thy spirit comes to me.

Come, with tender words and pleading,
Known unto my soul alone;
All unseen, but gently leading
Heart and thought to Heaven's throne.

And I pray, oh, tender Father,
Thou who knowest well each heart,
Make my love to him a blessing,
Watch between us while apart.

Trusting, waiting, and believing
That all hearts who truly love,
Granted are a power of message
From the spirit world above.

34 I am With Thee in Spirit.

When I sorrow, thou art near me
In the spirit form divine;
When thou callest, I shall heed thee,
For my spirit answers thine.

A Picture.

Silently, slowly sinking,
I watch the sun go down;
The cloud all gold and azure,
Lighting the hilltops round;
The golden turns to silver, the silver into grey.
All gone, the darkness settles and mocks the closing day.

My thoughts keep time to the measure,
All golden, now all gray;
How much like life the clouds are,
Fleeting and fading away.

To-day the world smiles upon you,
To-morrow you meet its frown.
Life's pleasures are gold and silver,
Life's sorrows are sombre brown.

But the picture is swiftly fading
Along with the twilight mist.
And the stars shine through the darkness
With a brightness one cannot resist.

So away, all thoughts of sadness.

I'll see only the gold and blue;

The leaden gray is naught to me

So the friends I love are true.

Little Old Shoes.

Up in the attic I found them
On one of the rafters old;
A pair of worn-out shoes
All covered with dust and mould.

With strings fast tied in a knot
They swing from a nail in the beam;
One has a hole in the toe,
The other is ripped through a seam.

Little shoes all battered and worn,
I remember them new and a-shine,
As they pattered about to and fro
On that wee little son of mine.

We came on a visit to grandma;
I bade him be still as a mouse;
But, dear me, those shoes and their clatter
Resounded all over the house.

And grandma smiled as she listened,
Saying: "There was never music so sweet
As the voice of that innocent child,
And the patter of those little feet."

And the little old shoes she treasured
To look at for many a day,
After "baby" in high-top boots
Had marched so proudly away.

Dear grandma, she rests from all trouble,
Away from this world and its strife;
While "baby" is growing to manhood,
And learning the lessons of life.

But the little old shoes in the attic
Hold many a memory sweet,
Of a sunny-haired child who wore them
About on his wee, restless feet.

Autumn.

Good-night! The bloom of summer-time is
autumn kist.

Good-night! The twilight shadows lengthen as
we leave our farewell tryst.

Good-night! A low wind whispers of the golden-
rod's sweet face,

And rustling leaves are sighing, as I meet thy last
embrace.

Good-night, dear love; when will the dawning be?
As true as golden-rod I will remain to thee;

Then hold me closer, darling; see, the light is
fading fast—

When the darkness falls around us, we shall cling
unto the last.

Not all darkness, for the sweetness evermore our
hearts enthrall;

And we reap with love's own gladness whatsoever
may befall.

Look! The harvest moon is shining as we give
the farewell kiss;
'And love's golden fruit is garnered in a better
world than this!

Waiting.

Watching, while the shadows lengthen,
And the sunlight fades away ;
Watching, waiting for my darling,
At the close of day.

Watching, while the stars are peeping
Through the deeper tints of blue,
Bright-eyed messengers of hope, love,
While I wait for you.

While I wait, with pulses beating,
Longing, waiting for my own ;
Will he come? Ah, yes, he's coming,
With his tender words and tone.

Strong arms open to receive me ;
Folded close upon his breast,
Tired waiting all forgotten,
Only perfect peace and rest.

Waiting.

All alone with thee, my darling!
Is it night-time? Is it dawn?
Ah, to us 'tis golden sunlight,
Harbinger of glorious morn.

Golden hours and brighter promise
In the happy days to come;
When my heart shall cease its waiting,
And thy heart shall claim its own.

Was it a Dream?

Last night as the crimson sunset
Waned slowly away on the hill,
I rested for one brief moment
My head 'gainst the low window sill.

And I said: "My heart is a-weary;
To-morrow I will not roam,
But stay in solitaire state
In my own little room at home."

The stories I've heard. Oh, goodness—
Or badness, 'twere better to say—
Enough to make one crazy;
I wonder my hair isn't gray.

Just then, on a slanting shadow
A queer little form appeared.
It seemed at a glance as if 'twere all tail,
Then a queer little head was upreared.

With eyes that twinkled so brightly,
And a voice with malicious glee
Spoke up: "If you want to see something
Funny, just come over here with me!"

Then down in the valley we wandered,
And the odor of brimstone was there;
And the imp that I followed looked backward,
Saying: "Stop over there on the stair."

As far as my eyes could discern them,
Were millions of imps like my guide;
With one big "D" in the center
And criminals ranged by his side.

They looked to be mostly women,
Though a few crestfallen men
Glanced up, and cursed the bad luck
That fastened them down in that den.

Then swiftly from out the darkness
The King of the Devils came,
And shouted: "Set fire to the crowd—
Torture—with cruelty maim!"

I shuddered, and said, "This must be Sheol; I
thought it was not to be;
Had burned itself quite out of sight."
"Oh, never you fear," the Devil said
He—"for gossips our fires are all right.

"For they talked, and they talked,
And they talked, in the most intolerable way
Against others. Above them you see,
Whose records are shining to-day.

"As they sowed let them reap,"
Quoth the Devil; and he gave a most comical
leer;
"Don't be a fool wasting pity on them—
The only place for them—is here."

Call Thou Me Home.

God grant that when my work is done,
The silent hour of eventide,
Beyond the crimson bar of setting sun,
His gates shall open wide.

As tolls the knell of parting day,
The clouds break o'er the silver moon.
The sighing of the wind across the bay
Say: Night has come—and not too soon.

A senile clod—what can earth give?
Not sunlight—nor of rain.
I would not linger to outlive
Emotion's joy and pain.

The fairest flowers that bloom at noon,
All faded in the glare of light.
And nature yields her sweetest boon
In that glad call—good-night.

Call Thou Me Home.

47

Call thou me home.

'Tis hard with folded hands to wait
Until thy messenger shall come
From out the golden gate.

When work is done,
The calm still hour of eventide,
Beyond the crimson bar of setting sun
His gates shall open wide.

Tiger Love.

Oh, tiger love, my tiger,
I am drunk with amber wine;
And lotus flowers are drooping
On this warm breast of mine.

Out in the golden moonlight,
With its shifting, shadowy line,
I seek in the distant jungle
That velvety form of thine.

Unsheathed my claws, and crouching,
Thy dwelling place I've spanned.
And the tiger spell of the desert
Envelops the warm white sand.

I can hear him purring softly,
In one of his gentle moods;
I'll growl, and he'll come to me
From out of the tangled woods.

Tiger Love.

49

He comes, and I lay here panting,
Crushed in his rude embrace—
With flowing locks half hiding
The tears a-down my face.

Half drowsing in golden moonlight,
Glad martyr of strength and power,
Oh, tiger love, my tiger!
I lived my life that hour.

The Cryst.

Down through the meadow I follow the pathway,
The daisy-starred grass waving low at my feet;
And robin's shrill note rings over the woodland,
A merry, glad welcome, my darling to greet.

In silence I listen, then swiftly I hasten
Like bird on the wing,
For he waits in the distance;
The green trees a-glisten,
Spread out their wide branches to shelter my
king.

Out of the shadow, in sunlight unbroken,
Oh, was a loved one ever so blest?
Strong arms enfold me, a fond word is spoken,
And I cuddle down close, like a bird in its nest.

That was last June-time. Now 'tis November,
And dead leaves are rustling where roses bloom-
ed fair.

The tryst, love, is broken, the nest is forsaken,
The trees are no shelter, with branches all bare.

The Tryst.

51

I wait all alone, where the low winds are sighing,
Praying God send me the blessing of rest.
Clasped close to my heart the red rose is dying—
Its wonderful light fades away on my breast.

Vira.

I am counting the hours, my dear,
Till you and I shall meet.
The waiting's all too bitter,
But the meeting will be sweet.

Thou art ever in my thoughts, love,
Though far away from me;
And in my prayer I whisper
A message fond for thee.

And may God bless you ever,
My dearest, truest friend.
And through life's storms and sunshine
His presence thee attend.

And if beyond the River
I first am called to rest,
You will find a gladsome welcome
To the City of the Blest.

I shall stand beside the portal,
And watch the gates ajar.
He will tell me when you enter,
I shall be your guiding star.

So through life, in patient waiting,
Soon each shall reach the goal,
Friendship's golden chain unbroken,
Heart to heart, and soul to soul.

Weary waiting all forgotten,
Only making bliss more sweet.
When done with earth, then, glad in Heaven
You and I shall surely meet.

Peccavi.

Forgive me, dear;

I know that I have sinned;
And over the old, sweet field,
The wintry snow and wind
Is not more desolate than I.

Forgive me, dear;

I send the olive branch to thee.
Without thy presence near
No sunny place remains for me.

I have sinned,

Dear one, forgive me—
End the weary, restless pain.
Life and love I ask of thee.
Take me to thy heart again.

At Eventide.

A shining pathway gleams afar,
Across the gold and crimson bar
At eventide.

The busy hours all flee away,
And softly fade across the bay
At eventide.

In harmony the birds attune,
And fond hands clasp in sweet commune
At eventide.

Glad sunset hour! Across thy gold and crimson
bar,
I see again my beacon star
At eventide.

My Love.

The rain is beating 'gainst the window pane;
In measured drops it falls upon the roof;
The shadows go, and come again,
The sunshine only holds aloof.

And then you came, my darling,
With tender sigh and glances half suppressed,
And all the world grew strangely fair;
The dear old world thy love hath blessed.

For just a little space I did not know
That all life's fairness shone on me
From out thy face; I only thought
The buds and flowers had taken on new grace.

And that a newer dawn was breaking.
No more I mourned life's dreary round.
Ah, dear, 'twas love's own making,
The sunlight fell upon enchanted ground.

For just a little space,

And then we knew that each must be bereft,
 "God sends the love." Yes, dear, and judgment,
 too.

We may not sin—while that is left.

A little while I go from you,

We twain must walk apart.

And yet—there is no parting, dear, where hearts
 are true—

A deathless love in either heart.

They tell me that God's messenger

Is coming soon for me ;

And ere my spirit wings its flight,

I'll come once more to thee.

Remember this, and that I'll keep

Thy farewell kiss, and thrilling touch of hands,
 E'en when I waken from death's sleep

In unknown lands.

**Respectfully Dedicated to Merriam
Post, G. A. R., Meriden, Conn.**

Gather the buds and blossoms,
The fairest for the brave,
We give them all—our treasures sweet,
To deck each soldier's grave.

Bring violets and daisies,
All bathed in May-time dew;
The starry crown, fit emblem,
For those who wore the blue.

Loyal and sweet the music,
Tenderly flowers we spread;
While under the national colors
Are resting our heroes dead.

While we rehearse this solemn hour
In the land they died to save,
Our tears fall fast on wreath and flower,
Laid on the soldier's grave.

They rest beyond the portals,
Life's battles o'er and done;
Their deeds shall live immortal,
With victory they have won.

Then courage take, ye vet'rans true,
Who dwell with us to-day.
Our cherished love goes out to you.
God bless and cheer thy way!

And when the last brave name's enrolled
With comrades gone before,
Thy deeds shall live like words of gold,
To perish never more.

Then scatter the buds and blossoms
Over the hearts so true.
The choicest gifts the land bestows
For those who wore the blue.

Remembrance.

On a tiny silken parcel,
In ink that once was gold,
"Forget me not" is written
In faded letters old.

Undo the folded paper;
Ah, the scent remains there still,
Of gold and purple pansy;
And memory comes at will.

Faded? Oh, yes! They are faded;
Though they bring to my mind again,
That night when you came, my darling,
Alone in the wind and rain.

That night, when you told me you loved me,
And the pansies gave sweetest perfume,
Till the glamour of light fell upon us,
Though we met in that gloomy old room.

Only the faded blossoms ;
 Yet the sweetness shall ever remain
In the immortelle of memory,
 With its measure of joy and pain.

Pansies for remembrance !
 Though long years have flown apart,
Are still my dearest treasures,
 And I "forget thee not."

As Thy Day.

Falter not, and do not weary ;
Though the way seem dark and dreary.
Take these words to comfort thee :
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

If thy light has turned to darkness,
Like the sunlight into rain,
Cease thy grief and sad repining ;
Rest shall follow after pain.

"As thy day," oh, words of comfort,
Hope alike to thee and me.
Safely resting on God's promise :
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Over the Way.

I stand alone in the twilight,
Peering far out in vain;
Till a light from a distant casement
Shines out on the frozen lane.

'And looking up at the window
Of the house—just over the way,
I mind me again of the story
The children had whispered that day.

How, last night, when the moonbeams were
shining
So bright—on the pretty white snow,
A ladder was let down from heaven,
For the angels to go to and fro.

'And they brought in their arms a wee baby
(So the little ones say,)
'And left it to dwell with my neighbor
In the house just over the way.

'And I think of my own wee baby
In the little grave under the snow,
Till my heart cries out in its anguish.
No comfort or peace do I know.

Under the snow—no, in heaven
I know my babe is at rest.
Only a little time given,
I have missed her so long from my breast.

'And I pray for the little stranger
At my neighbor's over the way.
God bless and keep from all danger,
And grant he has come to stay.

Farewell.

All too soon the dream is broken ;
Like the mist it fades away ;
All the fond words you have spoken
Vanish in the light of day.

Now I falter and I tremble,
While the cloud frowns overhead.
Ah, 'tis useless to dissemble ;
Without thee each joy has fled.

Dearest, darling, how I love thee !
Love with passion never told.
Love thee, bless thee, though you leave me ;
Love like mine can ne'er grow old.

"Fare thee well !" The words are spoken,
And the love-light's burning low.
Thou art false ! My heart is broken !
Leave me, hear me ? Go !

Wait just one moment ;
Let me rest my hand in thine.
Dear one, can it be, I wonder,
That the fault is mine?

Take me, fold me closer ;
Thy fond strength so well I know.
Doubt thee? No, how can I?
Darling, never let me go.

Too Late.

A lily fair had stood all day
In the heat of the summer's sun.
For no one noticed, or seemed to care,
That its mission here was done.

It might have been saved a longer time;
(Too sweet and pure for such a fate).
But the tender care, and the water cool,
Alas! they came too late.

How many lonely ones we meet,
And pass them by, through another gate;
And withhold our smiles and words of cheer
Until it is too late.

How happy each could make his life,
And the lives of others, too—
If the cloak of charity covered all,
And kind words fell like dew.

Few ever think of the "Golden Rule,"

But water weeds, while sweet flowers die.

But One notes e'en a sparrow's fall,

And the flowers' resurrection's nigh.

Too late are kind words spoken,

When the weeping heart is still;

Too late is earth's silence broken,

Too late the dear signs of good will.

Love Is the King.

A nameless thrill I feel each hour
For bird and song, for leaf and flower;
For golden sun that seems to rest
Upon the hillside's towering breast.
All these, and more, of life a part,
And over all—love rules the heart.

One love, for love is king.
And I, a loyal subject, wear love's ring.
Unending symbol of bondage in the long ago,
Signet of trust now, and perfect faith, I know.
Love rules with love, from shore to shore,
And love is love forevermore.

Love lives, and never dies.
It covers all, and reaches to the skies.
Love's fires are ne'er extinguished. No;
Though oftentimes smouldering, burning low,
'A word, a breath, shall fan the glow;
For love is love forever.

And hearts that truly own love's sway,
Love on—not for an hour or day,
But for all time, with never change or break;
Forgiving, trusting all, for love's own sake.
A kingdom held within the magic circle of a
golden ring,
And over all the world—Love reigns a king.

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The Flower of an Hour.

High noon: Life's zenith won,
Time is singing Love to sleep,—
Turn the hour glass; sands are run.
Love has smiled, so Love must weep.

High noon: Love can tell
Joy's noontide had made complete,
When the slanting shadows fell,
Doubts crept in on stealthy feet.

High noon: Of molten gold
Running fast the golden light;
In Time's hands Love groweth cold,
And death cometh with the night.

High noon: The petals fade—
Flower of faith and flower of youth.
On Love's tomb the wreath is laid.
Time and death reveal Love's truth.

My Ship.

I am watching here and waiting,
Till my ship comes o'er the sea.
It has sailed away for many a day,
Will it ever come back to me?

Other ships I've seen,
While waiting on the shore ;
Other hearts, I ween,
Watch and wait no more.

Why does mine linger and wait?
It is well-laden, I trow,
'And I long for its precious freight,
With weary heart of woe.

Weary and lone I wait,
Till a message shall come for me
To cross with the boatman pale,
Over the dark death-sea.

To cross, and rest in the harbor
Of the golden summer land;
And the treasure lost with my stranded ship
I shall find with the angel band.

The Nation's Trinity.

GRANT.

Death gave him his release,
Heroic, brave and grand.
Rest, soldier, while the dove of peace
Still hovers o'er the land.

SHERMAN.

All honor to our general,
And may his life be long!
Great heart and loyal soldier,
Just, eloquent and strong.

SHERIDAN.

The long, last ride is ended,
O'er valley, dale and hill.
Faith, love and hope are blended
In our thoughts of "Little Phil."

The Nation's Trinity.

75

THE NATION'S PRIDE.

Brave soldiers! who fought 'neath fire and shells.

While memory, loyalty and love

Together, round this trio wove

A wreath of immortelles.

Rain.

Summer rain so gently falling,
Beating low a soft refrain;
And the robin's shrill note calling
Echoes from the distant plain.

O'er the sky the dark clouds drifted;
Far off seems the heaven blue,
Though bright-hued flowers, with heads uplifted,
Catch the glory shining through.

Hearts so saddened, looking upward,
Soon shall ease the weary pain.
Heavy laden, drops the burden,
God has sent the cooling rain.

Look beyond: the sun is shining,
And the clouds will break away,
Showing all the silver lining
In the dawn of perfect day.

The Easter Lily.

The day was long, the wind and rain
Beat fiercely down upon thy perfumed head.
And, ere the hour of even-song, thy living green
was slain,
And all thy beauty fled.

A little while thou resteth there,
Wrapped softly in thy shroud of purest snow;
Watched over, aye, with tenderest care,
By One who knowest all thy grief and woe.

A long, dark sleep, and then new birth:
We hail the glad awakening;
From out the cold embrace of earth
A silvery light is breaking.

Arise, come forth, in garments white,
Bedewed like break of dawn.
Hallowed and pure, thou bringest light
On this glad Easter morn.

Come.

I send this message to you
As the golden sunset lights the western sky;
Where fleecy clouds are sailing o'er the sea,
They touch the gold and crimson, then go flit-
ing by—
I send this message: Come to me.

I send this message: Come to me;
So lonely are the days from sun to sun.
For life and love, I look to thee,
My darling one.
With all my heart and strength
I bid thee come.

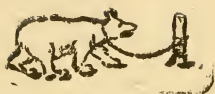
I send this message: Come to me,
Or else my heart will break.
November winds shall carry o'er the lea
These words: For thine own sake
And mine, I bid thee come.

I send this message:

God speed each messenger upon its way,
Until these words are whispered unto thee.
The golden sunset clouds, the sighing winds,

I bade each one to say:
Come back to me.

Let this



Witness to My Love.

Within a woven warp and woof
Entangled are we two ;
You doubt me, dear, and call for proof ?
So this bears witness to my love for you.

And now forbear ; too much's at stake ;
Life's pleasures are but few.
The chain, unlengthened, soon must break ;
This bears witness to my love for you.

I do not like that caustic tone,
The sceptic's words untrue.
Trust me, and I'm all your own ;
This bears witness to my love for you.

Silence Is Golden.

Much obliged for what you haven't said,
For words sometimes are like envenomed darts,
And interspersed between the lines I've read
Unwritten words—a balm for wounded hearts.

Much obliged for what you haven't said.
"I told you so" would rankle now like sin.
If eyes could kill, I should be lying dead.
If lips should ope, the de'il would walk in.

Much obliged for what you haven't said.
Unspoken words are words that I extol;
If once let loose to fall like molten lead,
They sear and burn deep scars unto one's soul.

"A word that's fitly spoken," I have read,
Falls like sweet dew upon the wounded breast;
But silence is so rare, and, after all is done and
said,
There's nothing half so good as giving one a rest.

Compensation.

'After long years of sorrow,
After long years of pain,
Came a break in the cloud of darkness,
And the sunshine followed the rain.

I was weary, so weary of waiting;
I tried to be patient and true;
I looked for the silver lining
That skirts the bright sky of blue.

Then there beamed the least bit of sunshine,
At first I scarcely could see;
Till brighter and far more scintillant
It flashed its full rays upon me.

My heart is now singing with gladness,
As I thought it would ne'er sing again.
Each hour I thank God for His goodness,
And the sunshine that came after the rain.

The Missing Number.

We called him "the missing number,"
Because he never was on hand
At meal-time or any other time—
The missing one of all the band.

'Twas ever thus at dinner hour.
When all the rest were there,
His place was still unfilled—
A vacant chair,

Until the meal was half way over,
Then he sauntered in,
'And, with a sunny smile,
From each dish raised the cover,
And tucked a napkin 'neath his chin.

He said he knew it was not just "the thing"
To wear a napkin like a baby's bib;
But he was such a slobberer, he had to.
It wasn't any fib.

He always had a new original excuse,
Though they all shouted "that he was a duffer,
And 'twas no use—to lie ;
He could not be on time, to save his life,
Except for pie."

And then his witty sayings all were rife.
No matter what the day or weather,
He was the life—
The others, only ciphers, added all together,
Still were naught, until he came.

One day we all remember,
The hour had come when we were wont to meet ;
'Twas when the days were growing long—
And from the open casement came a song,
A bird song, low and sweet.

The rain was falling.
The perfume from the roses wafted in,
And over all a stillness
From out the city's noisy din,
'A stillness born of grief.

He is not here to-day.
And yet no vacant chair—
But where his place was once,
Are roses pure and fair.

Our "missing number!"

Aye, we miss him so.

The rain has ceased ;

And, as we rise to go,

A dancing sunbeam seeketh out his place

And fills it with his old, accustomed grace.

Good-Bye, Sweetheart.

Dark gray clouds the skies are sweeping,
And the autumn winds are weeping
 With a doleful sound,
While the scattered leaves are sleeping
 On the ground.

Oh, summer, summer, sweet and fair,
 Come back again to me:
Each flower, and leaf, and balmy air,
 That rustled o'er the lea.

Come back! Ah, no! The faded leaves
 Will tell the story best!
The dying flower the spirit grieves;
 But then it speaks of rest.

And we've been very happy, sweet,
 You and I together.
Yet on earth no life's complete,
 Nor all summer weather.

Good-Bye, Sweetheart.

87

But where fadeless summers are,
Blending in one perfect day,
Hope shall be our guiding star;
For a little while, I say—
Good-bye, sweetheart!

My Dream.

Over all, the snow is falling,
Bright blue skies and skies of gray;
Here, a little drift of snowflakes;
There, red roses strew the way.

In the west the sun is dying,
In the east the moon holds sway.
Snowflakes flying, zephyrs sighing,
Just a dream at close of day.

On the hillside you are waiting,
Roses near you everywhere.
Still the snowflakes drifting, whirling,
Spinning through the summer air.

Flowers of summer, snows of winter!
All the world is out of tune;
Crystal snowflakes, deep red roses—
Bleak December weds with June.

Softly now the dream-child questions,
Sunshine, noon, or sunset ray?
Dear one, thou hast chosen wisely;
Love is best at close of day.

Then I nestle closer to you,
Resting sweetly on thy breast;
While the roses blush to crimson,
And the snowflakes whisper blest.

In Memoriam.

[The following is published in memory of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The words quoted were expressed by Mrs. Stowe the last day she breathed the open air, a few days before her spirit took its flight.]

“Oh, what a beautiful morning!
Where shall we walk to-day?”

A beautiful day is dawning—
God’s light o’er land and sea;
And echoless footsteps are guiding
Where He waits in His glory for thee.

In death’s far lands ye shall journey,
And beside the still waters above;
Where the tranquil flow of the River of Life
Proves the measureless depth of His love.

“Where shall ye walk?” With the blest—
’Mid marvelous sweetness of song.
Free kingdom of God—forever at peace,
In the sunny days fair and long.

“Oh, what a beautiful morning!
Where shall we walk to-day?”

God's spirit shall loosen the clasp of our hands,
And thou shall go forward alone.
A garment of light shall enfold thee,
His love for all else shall atone.

Thou needest no earth-light—'tis fading,
Going out from heart and from eyes.
A beautiful day is dawning:
Ye shall walk in Paradise.

Heavenly Gifts.

“To some men God hath given laughter, but tears to
some men He hath given.”

To some light-hearted mortals,
Long lives of merriment,
Blue skies and golden portals,
Leading to glad content.

To some is given laughter,
A cloudless summer day;
With stars and crescent after,
To brighten all the way.

But tears to some are given,
Lone weeping o'er the dead;
And saddened hearts are riven,
Through scrow's pathway led.

With twilight comes no gladness;
Night's darker, heavier pall
Wraps tortured souls in sadness,
And blinding tears must fall.

To me He hath given laughter,
And, with the laughter, tears—
Bright rainbow of glad promise
For all the coming years.

Bowing our heads 'neath sorrow,
Like flowers bowed down by rain,
Knowing that rest shall follow
The bitter throes of pain.

A Memory.

Only a little stocking,
And a tiny baby shoe;
Only a little cap,
And a blanket bound with blue.

Only a sad, sad longing,
As I look on all that's left;
Only a heart more tender,
For other ones bereft.

Only these, and the memory,
Of the precious little form.
Only my empty arms,
And the tender teardrops warm.

Only a patient waiting,
I here, and baby there.
Only a glad awakening,
And we both shall share His care.

“Come Unto Me.”

Come unto me, all ye that labor.
The tired hands God loveth best!
Aye, precious words, ye heavy laden,
He will give you rest.

Come unto me, ye of the troubled heart!
Why will ye live unblest?
Come unto me, ye erring one,
And I will give thee rest.

Come unto me, why will ye wait?
A Saviour's love is thine.
Narrow the way and straight the gate,
That leads to rest divine.

A Dream.

I dreamed a dream so tender,
I fain would have it true,—
Of a house of golden splendor,
Sailing o'er waters blue.

I watched it from a distance,
As it drifted toward me
And whispered a mystical sentence:
"I am coming, my love, to thee."

"Ah, surely," I said, "'tis a castle,—
A castle in the air.
When it comes a little nearer,
I shall see it vanish there."

But hark! the whisper is floating
Again o'er the bright blue sea:
"I'm coming, love! I'm coming
With a house of gold for thee."

It came. Ah, me, how sweet the bliss!
It brought me joys untold;
It brought me peace divine and rest.
The house was a heart of gold!

Fronti Nulla Fides.

You frown, and I smile at thee;
Tears avail not, nor bring relief.
Smile at me, too; smiles cannot beguile me
And oceans of tears cannot drown grief.
Dear, I am unhappy, too,—
Quite as unhappy as you.

Nothing can save one; fame, nor its glory,
Though sweetest of smiles illumine the face.
Deep in the heart is written a story—
Sadness and sorrow—no tears can efface.
Dear, I am unhappy, too,—
Quite as unhappy as you.

Smile at me, too. Why should you frown?
Let the world think we revel in bliss;
You and I know—the sun went down
When we buried our love—and gave the last kiss.
Dear, I am unhappy, too,—
Quite as unhappy as you.

Give Him Another Chance.

Another chance, and love divine,
For the youth who has gone astray!
Ye who would censure and draw the line,
Might better kneel down and pray.

His mother is dead! Poor little lad!
Is no one to help him this day?
How can it be? Are you sure it is he?
"Gone to the bad," you say.

"Gone to the bad!" Then bring him to good,
Ye mothers with boys of your own;
Whatever he's done, in whatever mood,
Don't leave him to bear it alone.

Dear Lord, have pity!
(Life is so hard, our faith is oft-times shaken:
Thou knowest how we falter by the way.
Forever safe are those that Thou hast taken.
Teach us to help the living ones to-day.
L. of C.

Ave Atque Vale.

A little while with thee to dwell,
Dear eyes that look into my own
With love's fond greeting.
Caressing words in cooing, tender tone,
Ave Atque Vale.

To meet thee and to love as thou dost me,
When soul meets soul in loving, sweet embrace,
God knows my every heart-throb is for thee;
To be thy solace for a little space,
And then—Farewell.

"Ave Atque Vale!" Kismet. We bow to that decree.

Oh, dying moments, all too fleeting, stay with me.
Let not the parting knell toll out
That last, sad word—Farewell.

Love Versus Gold.

Only four little letters compose the word,
Yet sweeter—ah, me!—than the songs of a bird,
Are the mystical letters of Love.

Only four little letters, the choicest and best,
The key to each heart and to mansions of rest,
The wonderful letters of Love.

Only four little letters to win the world.
The pinions of hope, already unfurled,
Envelop the letters of Love.

Four little letters, getting so old!
Supposing we change them to G. O. L. D.?
Then the four little letters spell Love.

Fairy Land.

I am sad to-night and lonely,
And the world seems out of tune;
Till I float away in dreamland
To a perfect day in June.
Away on rainbow colors,
To rest on the emerald stair,
And a fairy softly whispers,
"Sweet summer awaits you there."

Reveling in summer sweetness,
What's life's winter to me?
Listening to far-off music
And the drowsy hum of the bee!
Only a dream; and I waken
Again on a wintry scene.
Gone are the summer roses,
Faded the emerald green.

Yet somewhere I know they are sleeping,
The roses and lily-buds fair,
'And fairies their vigils keeping,
Guarding with tenderest care,

Locked in a fairy palace,
Under the Ice King's reign.
But the fairies' fire will melt the ice,
And the flowers will bloom again.

Love's Telegraphy.

I call thy name, my dearest,
My heart speaks to thine;
Tell me, dost thou hearest,
Heart of mine?

I call thy name, my dearest,
Sweet as amber wine;
Only say thou hearest,
Sweetheart mine.

Close thine eyes, my dearest,
Rest thine eyelids white;
No dark day thou fearest,
While love holds the light.

Fain would I be nearest,
Love divine.
Tell me, dost thou hearest?
My heart speaks to thine.

Devotion.

Whither thou goest I will go.
Thy people shall be mine;
'And though all others turn from thee,
My heart and life are thine.

Thy God shall be my God,
His angels watch o'er thee;
Devotion is its own reward,
No other crown for me.

'And where thou diest, I would die;
With thee be glad to rest,
Forgetting all of life's sad cares,
To be forever blest.

My heart and life are thine,
Aye, all I hope to be:
The Lord do so and more,
If aught part thee and me.

The Twilight Hour.

The twilight is drawing near,
While I sit in the gathering gloom;
A star shines down from a cloudless sky,
Into the silent room.

An omen bright I count it,
And I smile through falling tears;
While I reach out my hand for thine,
As I did in the bygone years.

I know that thou art near me;
Love lurks in the voiceless air;
Though I hear no sound of footstep
On threshold, or on stair.

Thou comest in the gloaming
'And lean above me here;
The sweetest words are whispered—
Dear love, thou art so dear.

What matters if a little while
We twain shall dwell apart?
My heart is thine, thy words of love
Find echoes in my heart.

And I love the gentle twilight
That drifts through the silent room;
And the silver star that shines afar
Shall banish all the gloom.

To One of the Least.

'Twas a cold, dreary morning in winter
And I, from my warm home-nest,
Looked out on the frozen glitter
With a feeling of vague unrest.

In the nursery my children were sleeping,
All cuddled down, rosy and fair,
Outside in the king's highway
There were others that needed my care.

Was it the snow wraith that beckoned, I wonder,
And bade me no longer delay?
Or were the white gates wide asunder
Where the angels were singing that day?

The words said themselves over and over;
I know they were written for me:
"To one of the least of my little ones
Ye did the good deeds unto me."

To One of the Least.

109

Out by the roadside I found her
 Bending low, the dear little form,
Over the barrel of cinders :

 " She wanted a fire to get warm ;

 " For baby was sick, and dear mamma
 Was afraid of the Angel of Death.
One morning the room was so cold,
 That it froze away poor papa's breath."

 " If I only had known," was the burden ;
 God grant I could do good to-day.
And help me, each hour, to remember :
 " The poor ye have with ye alway."

And Thou Shalt Live Again.

I stood beside thy grave one winter's day;
The wind came by with wailing sound.
All cheerless was the sky and gray,
The dead leaves rustled o'er the ground.

And over all the cold white snow,
Its icy mantle draped and held thee there.
Ah, love, 'tis well thou canst not know
The bitterness and anguish of my prayer.

So desolate my heart it seemed,
That life of every hope was shorn;
And 'neath that frozen mound I deemed
Forever hidden, love had gone.

Forever hidden!—Nay, the love-light's there,
And even now a messenger of God,
The golden-hearted daisy, pure and fair,
Comes forth from out the lowly sod.

And Thou Shalt Live Again. iii

And life goes on,

 In grander beauty, for the quiet sleep
When day is done.

I am not sad—I do not weep—

 Oh, golden-hearted one.

In Shadowland.

I dwell in Shadowland—far from the world—
Beyond the reach of fair or stormy weather;
Close to the borderland where passion whirled,
We two once walked together.

In Shadowland there is no day,—
No silvery mist 'neath tender azure hue,
Where gleaming sunbeams pierce the way
To sweetfaced flowers impearled with dew.

But all night long the whispering leaves
Tell of a day that is done.
'Across the living bloom a shadow weaves
The crown of darkness I have won.

For just a little while—then clearer sight.
So lightly rests the crown upon my head,
That I can read in letters of a living light,
“He chasteneth whom He loveth,” One hath said

O shadowy night, so beautiful and fair,
Look down upon the fading, passing flower.
From out dead ashes, immortelles so rare
May bloom, and consecrate this lonely hour.

Farewell, dear Shadowland, I may no longer seek
thy ways,
For restful peace has come to me at last.
Not with a glad song of praise
But with a solemn requiem I bury all the past.

The Face at the Window.

Deserted by mortals and silent
Is the little old house on the hill;
Where the spiders weave rare, filmy lace,
To curtain the low window sill.

And when the bright moonbeams are falling
Athwart the old house on the hill,
There cometh a face at the casement,—
Sad-eyed, wistful and still.

Sad eyes looking outward and upward
And across o'er the busy square;
Wistful, patient and watchful,
It has taken abode over there.

The face of a lonely woman
Whose spirit obeys the strong will,
'And wanders away on the moonbeams
To the little white house on the hill.

The Face at the Window. 115

Oh, silent old home deserted,
He crosses no more the wide sill;
O little white face at the window,
Stand ever betwixt him and ill.

One Ray of Light.

From afar I read the message,
In a golden ray of light;
Ere the deepening twilight hastens
To the tender arms of night.

It is lying on the hilltop
In its warm and mellow glow;
And the sweetest words are whispered,
Where the shadows come and go.

Sweetest words, then hush thy weeping,
Hearts that mourn the fading flowers;
Buds and blossoms may be sleeping;
Summer still hath leafy bowers.

Still we hear the soft complaining:
Hopes are shattered! Ah, by what dear hands?
Never mind; God's light is shining
Up above, from far, fair lands.

One Ray of Light.

117

From afar I read the message,
Words to me of import sweet;
Golden rays upon the hilltop
Where the purple shadows meet.

If Word of Mine.

What can I do to stem the current of the tide,
What can I say that you will not deride
And go your way?

Insidiously the poison is in your veins,
Till all the baser passions hold the reins,
And powerless am I.

If word of mine could show the way
From night's black shadows into sunlight's ray,
I'd have my say.

Impassioned words of length,
If words of mine could pierce the gloom,
And lead thee from the shadows of the tomb
To life and strength!

I have no gifted power of speech to thus attain the
goal,
No sweet song-words, nor tender, plaintive tone,
To reach thy soul.

I can but wait,
 Since thou hast gone astray,
And act a woman's part,
 To watch, and hope, and pray,
That darkness may be lifted from thine eyes,
 In God's own time and way.

In Memory of Little Ella May Root, Meriden, Conn.

Oh, little feet that wandered here,
And tarried but a day,
We may not mourn that angel wings
Have wafted thee away.

God loves the little children,
And from the heavenly throne
He sends His white-winged messengers
To bear the children home.

"Come unto me," the Saviour said.
Our little ones are dear.
Oh, little hands that were not strong,
Still served their mission here.

Dear little one, in memory
I see thy sunny smile;
I hear again the gladsome voice,
The heart that knew no guile.

In Memory of Little Ella. 121

Oh, little life that suffered
Long hours of weary pain,
We would not call thy spirit back
To earthly strife again.

Dear little face, God's purity
Was mirrored on thy brow;
Dear little heart, forever still,
God's arms enfold thee now.

Heart's-Ease.

I watch while the sun is setting;
With rest there cometh peace;
For when the day is dying,
The toil and the turmoil cease.

Some winged breath hath brought sweetest music
And incense, for the twilight hour;
While the crimson is burning to purple,
Like the heart of a passion flower.

And I dream and rejoice in the music;
Now pleading in passionate strain,
Then pure as the songs of the angels,
That wafts me to childhood again.

Oh, sweetest heart-music, I listen:
The world fades away from my view.
The teardrops, unhidden, shall glisten,
To cool and refresh like the dew.

Heart's-Ease.

123

For slowly the day is dying,
In infinite rest and peace.
In the murmur of low winds sighing
He sendeth His own—heart's ease.

Thy Cross.

O God ! to bear the weary burden
All these years, I walk alone
Through weary vale of tears,
To bear Thy Cross.

Without one single hope in life,
Without one gain, but many a loss,
I walk alone through grief and strife,
To bear Thy Cross.

No hope, only a dark abyss,
And weary, aching feet,
That fain would stop at this—
For death, not life, is sweet.

O God ! to lay the weary burden down,
For one brief hour to rest.
To drop the cross, to wear the crown,
To number with Thy blest.

To murmur not, life's lessons have
Not taught me this.
My heart rebels—the rod
I cannot kiss—
I mourn each loss,—
And yet—I bear Thy cross.

Wild Roses.

I walk alone to-day,
The path we trod so long ago.
Where waving grasses strew the way
And sweet wild roses grow.

I dream again the old sweet dream.
A tiny rosebud holds the key.
The vanished years drop from between
Like scattered rose leaves o'er the lea.

And we stand here together, dear,
Where sweet wild roses blow;
Thy loving voice again I hear,
In accents soft and low.

I will be thine, whate'er betide;
I will be true to you;
And naught shall keep me from thy side,
While roses bloom and skies are blue.

Dear heart, that rests to-day
Beyond life's troubled sea,
The roses mark each milestone on my way,
And draw me nearer, love, to thee.

My Song Bird.

I sit by my casement dreaming,
Old fancies my memory throng,
When out from the silent seeming
There comes to my ears a song.

We met, you and I, in the gloaming,
And out from the fragrant wood
Came that tiny bird-song, teeming
With praise to the Giver of good.

'Twas long ago ; but the moonbeam's glow
Brings back that song to-night,
'And there comes a hush over tree and bush,
Waving slow in the silver light.

I burned your letters long ago ;
But the curl of your hair I keep,
To tell at last of a day that is past,
When I lie in death's long sleep.

It is idle dreaming of days that are gone ;

 We may not undo the past.

Dear, I know I was wrong.

That tender bird-song

 Has taught me the truth at last.

My Little Lad.

Oh, happy the home,
Where hearts are made glad
By the noisy mirth
Of a dear little lad.

Up in the morning bright as a bird,
Conning his lessons word by word,
That's my little lad.

Down through the meadow
And over the hill,
Home for a luncheon,
And never quite still,
That's my little lad.

Making me work from morn till night,
Yet saving me steps, so cheery and bright,
That's my little lad.

Full of his mischief,
Yet never real bad,
How could he be,
When he's my little lad?

My Little Lad.

131

Pride of my heart,
Source of great joy!
And, for his sake, I love
Every boy—my dear little lad!

The Old and the New.

The Old Year dies! Ah, who shall mourn?
Old age, so brown and sear,
With folded hands, thy work is done.
Farewell to thee, Old Year.

The Old Year dies! All silently we list
The parting knell—an outward sorrow,
For joy waits,—the last toll of the bell,
'And then,—“The year is dead!”

“Long live the year!”
We welcome in the New,
'And joy-bells ring, all sorrow fled.
A glad New Year to you!

'A glad New Year! 'A promise sweet
Of blossom-time and May!
Then bury all the dark, dead past
On this bright New Year's day.

The Old and the New. 133

Let sundered friendship be renewed,
And anxious strife be slain.
With charity our hearts imbued,
'A glad New Year shall reign.

Constancy.

I love you, dear,
My heart still turns to thee.
I feel thy presence near,
Though thy loved form I may not see.

And surely, when I do each duty well,
Through patient toil and drear,
It is not sin upon the past to dwell,
And dream that thou art near.

Ah, me! how sweet the time,
When, folded close, my head upon thy breast,
Your eyes looked love to mine,
My tired heart found rest.

If some bright angel then
Had kissed the eyelids warm,
And bade me sleep again,
Free from all harm.

God will forgive the sin, if sin it is,
 Of loving thee so well. Thou has so constant
 been.

'And so I freely tell,
 My joys and sorrows e'en.

'And while my duty holds me here
 And each must walk the weary way alone
 'Tis sweet to know you love me, dear,
 And call thy heart my home.

Drifting.

Drifting away to sea.

Life's only a shallow boat,
Scarlet and gold, and ashen gray,
Over the cloud-land float.

Drifting away to sea.

Learning the sad earth-story,
Scarlet and gold waiting for me,
This side of the sunset glory.

Drifting away to sea.

My eyes on the limitless west,
Scarlet and gold, and ashen gray,
E'er I enter the haven of rest.

Scarlet and gold, warmth and light!

I welcome in love's own name,—
And hold thee fast,—forever bright,
When kissed by the sunset flame.

Drifting, aye, yes,—I'm drifting
 Away from the ashen hue.
Scarlet and gold my life enfold,
 For somebody else drifts, too.

Come to Me.

Come when twilight's over all,
The hour that speaks of rest;
When softly down night curtains fall
Along the golden west.

To watch the splendid afterglow
Together, love, is best.
To catch the bird's song murmuring low
To little ones in their nest.

Oh, love, my fancy weaves
So many thoughts of thee,
While roses softly fold their leaves,
And the lily-bud holds the bee.

I need thy presence, too;
Life is so short, so fast the hours go by,
I cannot rest apart from you,—
Come to me, or I die.

Some Day.

Some day, I shall not know,
When those I love are near;
Nor when they come, nor when they go,
Or if they drop a tear,—
I shall not know.

Some 'day, the loving words,
'Aye, sweeter than the songs of birds,
May all be spoken low;
I cannot answer them,—
I shall not know.

Some day, the kisses sweet,
That now my lips would gladly meet,
May then be given,—all too late.
What matters either love or hate!
When one is lying low,—
They cannot know.

Some day, this day, my own,
You say that I am dear;
Then give me now the kisses sweet, the tender tone,
Be glad that I am here!

Edna.

Tiny hands so meekly folded
O'er the patient little breast,
Waxen eyelids softly drooping,
Baby Edna seeks her rest.

Angel footsteps gently guide her
All along the darkened way,
Till, gates ajar and light eternal,
Beams for her the perfect day.

Mourn not, dear ones; do not sorrow
That her mission soon was done.
You will meet on some glad morrow,
When the golden crown is won.

Ah, I know the weary longing,
While the teardrops fall like rain;
Dark the night,—but bright the morning.
So thy heart shall cease from pain.

Sweeter now the angel music,
You will try to catch the song.
Baby hands hold out a welcome,
And life's journey is not long.

Jacqueminot.

Thine, when the sunshine surrounds you,
Smiling and glad in your bliss,
Contented to dwell in the shadow,
Knowing you need not my kiss.

Thine when the soft summer rain falls,
Thine own through clear sky and cloud;
Happy to bloom on beside you,
Though all else the world may enshroud.

Thine own through bleak winter's blast,
And the cold world's impudent stare;
Making thy sunshine the year round,
Fragrance exhaling from fresh buds and fair.

Oh, happy indeed is my mission,
Thine through life's sunshine, its storms
'And its snows; love me, cherish and keep me,
For I am thy Jacqueminot Red Rose.

**Lovingly Inscribed to Baby Florence
Stevens, Meriden, Conn.**

(LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.)

O'er the carpet, dancing light,
Comes a merry little sprite,
Baby Golden-Hair.

Gleaming, aye, with wealth untold,
Little princess crowned with gold,
Baby Golden-Hair.

Bright as stars her laughing eyes,
And the quaintest words and wise
Speaks baby Golden-Hair.

We who love her, humbly pray,
Just as sweet and fair to-day
May God bless and keep alway
Baby Golden-Hair.

No Cross. No Crown.

Tired, so tired, my heart and I.
Weary of endless strife.
Tired of living—yet fearing to die,
So bearing the burden of life.

Blue skies and a golden portal,
Though I linger still at the gate;
Heaven's mercy is boundless and infinite.
Sad heart, we can only wait.

Waiting, and trusting our Father,
For this we surely know:
He has said, "Though your sins are as scarlet,
Yet shall they be white as snow."

Tired, yet trying to be patient
Under each bitter loss;
For suffering is life's sacrament.
He who would wear that crown
Must bear the cross.

Heliotrope.

It came, that sweet-voiced messenger,
In dress of purple hue,
Breathing devotion rich and rare,
So precious and so true.

Purple,—that's royal, my darling,
And my crown is a golden ring,—
Queen of thy heart and tender love,
And thou art fore'er my king.

No need of the written words, dear,
Thou knowest I am thine.
I can read between the lines, love,
And know that thou art mine.

'Tis just the old, old story,
Old as time, yet always fresh and new—
Told by the heliotrope purple and fragment,
Expressing devotion so true.

Finis.

Close the book ; the story's ended,
The last page was turned to-day.
Close the book, why scan the pages,
When there's nothing left to say?

Close the book ; the leaves all tattered,
Are no longer dear ;
Telling of the fond hopes shattered,
Soiled, and marked with many a tear.

Yet, bright pages are among them,
Free from worry, care and fret,—
You'll remember, oh, my dear one,
And perchance you may regret.

Dear one ! Oh, no longer dear one,
Since you go your way.
Close the book ; the story's ended,
When there's nothing left to say.

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